KEEPING GREEN THE MEMORY OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

VETERANS OF RANSOM POST, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, OF WHICH HE WAS A MEMBER, DECORATING THE FAMOUS COMMANDER'S GRAVE IN CALVARY CEMETERY, ST. LOUIS.—Stark.

FRAWLEYS AT MANILA

"Wish you'd come over to Caveet and give us a chanst to see your show," said the tars.

"Them Frawleys sure could make a pile over here," said the marines.

Tim Frawley said he could spare Sunday for the delighting of the sailor men at Cavite. He gave them a week's notice, and informed the members of the "Neill-Frawley Company on Oriental tour" that on the following Sunday they would go from Manila to Cavite and paly "All the Comforts of Home" at the "Grand Opera-house" in that town.

Cavite is a half-dozen miles across the bay, and a ferry company carries people and freight to and from Manila in a lazy, manana way. The stage manager and the property man went over early on the afternoon of the day set, and I went with them to see how they fixed things for the American drama in the Philippines. The company had been playing in Manila for weeks, and everything ran along without a hitch, but the property man said "jumpin' into the provinces" was a departure, and he expected there would be a good deal to do.

The ferry-boat was crowding up when we boarded it. As the sun was baking the decks, we sat in the dirty, stuffy cabin where were the only seats on the steamer. Several hundred Filipinos stood or lay about in the heat outside, smoking their endless cigarettes and chatting in Spanish or Tagalog. Those who were not in bare feet wore plush slippers without heels. Some of these were crimson, some pale blue, and many merely of a dirt color. On their wearers' unsocked feet they moved forward and backward as they walked, giving a peculiar aspect of unkemptness and a sound in accord with their appearance.

A half-hour or so after the schedule time the ferry puffed away from the wharf and struck out for the opposite shore. The noise of the whistle was helped out by a score of game cocks carried by their owners. They were to fight in the chicken lists at San Roque.

There were none but Americans in the cabin. Besides the actors and myself, there were two or three ladies—wives of officers of the fleet at Cavite—and five or six soldiers. A sergeant of cavalry, whose hiking under a horizontal sun had burned him brown as a cocoanut, was telling his fellows of an experience in Samar, and I was listening intently, when a fat Filipino of middle age entered and in Spanish demanded of me ten cents for sitting in the cabin. I paid it, and in turn he approached the soldiers. The ladies were across the cabin, and were beginning to open their purses, when the sergeant in khaki interposed.

"I ain't goin' a-pay you nutthin'," he said to the questing Filipino. "D'ye think I'm loco? I paid my fare on this ramshackly craft, and that's all you get. I don't stand fur no hold-up game."

The Filipino rushed into gestures and animated Spanish. He said the company always charged extra for occupying the cabin. He pointed out the fact that all his countrymen were in the sun, and he called heaven to witness that none had ever had a seat or rode under shelter except for ten cents extra.

"Well, then, I'll teach you a bran'-new trick," said the swarthy sergeant. "This ain't no Chicago street-car. I didn't come on board to stand up."

The Filipino persisted and vowed that all who did not pay would have to seek the sun. Other officials of the boat backed him up, and then the sergeant loosened some choice United States mixed with the native brand.

"You darned googoo, you're nuthin' but a ladrone. If you wuz in my town they'd hang ye fur hoss stealin'."

The assembled ferrymen turned yellow at the word "ladrone," and with threatening gestures neared the sergeant. The latter charged them like a football tackle after a runner, and they fled madly. We heard an uproar on the deck, and sounds of the pursued falling over the heaps of passengers stretched out there. In a few minutes the cavalryman returned with the sweat-rills tumbling from his face and chasing down his blouse.

"Yere's yer money," he said to me. "I made that googoo dig up his loot when I got him hangin' over the side." He handed me the silver I had paid for my seat.

After that we went along peaceably, the Filipinos peeping in at the windows to see the Americano who had made such a row, while the Samar yarn went on from the point where it was interrupted by the collector.

SAW DEWEY'S VICTIMS.

We passed the sunken ships sent down by Dewey's men that wonderful May day when the young Republic leaped for the first time full-panoplied into the arena of the warrior nations. The smached hulks stretched out twisted and rusting arms of iron toward where a league away the flag of the conqueror flew from "Fighting Bob" Evans' command.

When we tied up to the miserable, little wharf at Cavite, the town was already thronged with men off the war ships. Jack had been given a holiday to see the show, and the dozen saloons were doing a big business.

The stage manager and the property man saw the scenery unloaded and then looked for the Grand Opera House. It was not far away, for the first hombre we asked bowed elaborately and replied in Spanish:

"Senors, you are there."

We were in the very shadow of it. It is the first building one sees in approaching Cavite, and only a hundred feet from the wharf. The Grand Opera House is of bamboo and nipa. Its architecture might be assigned to the colonial period, for it was essentially primitive. It was just a huge shack, with a dusty, thatched roof, plentifully punctured by the weather. Luckily there was no sign of rain.

The floor was the earth and there was a sprinkling of broken chairs where the orchestra should be. One look behind the footlights caused the stage manager to swear. I am not familiar with the technique of stages, but whatever should have been there was not, and everything was wrong.

The two experts told each other that it would be impossible to put the proper scenery in place; they swore a dozen times it could not be done. And then like enterprising Americans they began to do it. The sergeant in khaki had drifted into the theater with two of his soldier comrades.

"I 'low as I'm goin' to San Roque and lose my six pesos or win a hundred," he said, when the stage manager sought to draft him and the pair of privates as assistants.

"Pretty good show; you can see it from behind and carry away five pesos too," said the employer.

The three fighting men got their heads together, and agreed that they would take the job after they had "a bowl or two." Pretty soon they were back and carrying in the scenery.

The stage was quite deep, but very low. The property man said "the proscenium arch was as low as a dog-house roof." The scenes were too tall to be taken over the footlights and had to be brought in by the rear. This occasioned a diversion in the work. The stage ran clear back to a seawall, which had no railing, and when the sergeant ordered a private to retreat "with his end" while he steered a drawing-room on to the stage the unfortunate fellew retreated too far and an instant later was swimming in the tide.

When he appeared for work a quarter of an hour after he wore only an American flag draped about him. Not a bad dress for Cavite that Sunday, for it was hotter than The Needles on the Fourth of July.

Oddly enough, though the Grand Opera House lacked almost all the presumed requisites of a theater, it had electric lights. Three hours' work of shoving, hammering, sawing and swearing got the scenery into some sort of shape, and the stage manager and the property man took the soldiers over to Dewey's Resort for "a few more bowls." I don't believe George Dewey ever was in his alleged resort, but some of his cannon balls had been there during the excitement incident to the capture of Cavite, and they had left their loving marks on everything they touched.

Right outside the theater a plank had been stretched at the height of a man's elbow and an assortment of liquors and tobacco displayed. The Chief of Police, a Filipino, was directing the arrangement of the improvised bar. He spoke some English and proved a nice chap on acquaintance.

He became much interested in a search for "props." "Props" are those vague accessories to stage settings, the presence of which may go almost unnoticed, but the absence of which may disrupt an entire play. When the villain forges the letter he must at least have an inkstand and penholder, even if there is no ink and if the pen won't write.

In every well-regulated drawing-room there must be a sofa, some chairs, perhaps a pier glass and a few pictures.

STUFFED FURNITURE.

Stuffed furniture is considered derigeur for stage drawing-rooms, but in all Cavite there was not one piece of that description. So they had to be content with plain, yellow bamboo, and what was spoken of by the actors as "a luxurious interior" was furnished only with a half-dozen bamboo chairs, a bamboo table and the barber's mirror. The barber was a discharged Tennesseean and for a ticket to the performance he offered even his operating chair. A wash bowl and pitcher was borrowed from the Army Officers' Club and several saloons loaned glasses and gray-looking decanters.

The sergeant and his squad were told off to get chairs for the audience, as, except for the remnants near the stage and a row of circus benches at the entrance, the auditorium was empty. Perhaps the sandy uniform of the sergeant and his aids carried a certain command, and perhaps there were recollections of the late days when the householders were used to seeing such fellows in khaki, with their eyes screwed to the sights of rifles. Anyhow, there was a flood of chairs offered, and when the Grand Opera House was filled with them they were decorated with numbers to aid the ushers.

The curtain was advertised to rise at 8:30 o'clock, and about 6 o'clock the cast arrived from Manila. The half-dozen American women in the company looked very dainty in pretty, light frocks, and all the population of Cavite gathered to see them land. There were hundreds of natives in gala attire, their gauze shirts hanging outside their drill trousers and their vivid plush slippers almost as "lamps to their feet." When in his best the Filipino always hangs the tails of his upper garment over his trousers. It is a cool fashion, the shirts being of pina or jussi, much like a silken net.

"Mercy! Is this it?" said the leading lady.

"Like a big corncrib," said the comedian.

In five minutes a hundred complaints had been registered with Frawley and the stage manager. The leading lady refused positively to share her dressing-room with all the other women. Even in "one-night stands in Oklahoma and Kansas" she had never been so badly treated, she said:

The leading juvenile came with whispered curses to let it be known that he would rather resign then and there than doff and don his clothes on the seawall. But they all had to make the best of the facts, for there was but one dressing-room for each sex, and "make-ups" were daubed on by candle light. The electric wires only stretched over the stage, and grease paint and wigs went on with a low murmuring like the hoarse muttering of the mob in "Julius Caesar."

About 8 o'clock the audience began to come in. The first arrivals were natives. The women wore the largest and stiffest of panuelos and had their hair highly polished with cocoanut oil and ornamented with silver skewers. Some had stockings, but most of them were content with their own dark skins and shuffled in with naked ankles. All officialdom honored the show by its presence. The Gobernador, the Presidente and a half-dozen others had front seats. The box office was managed by a former "Chronicle" reporter, and was jammed with ticket-buyers. Opposite it was the ready-made bar, and, after buying reserved places, tars and soldiers fraternized over glasses of a fluid which is claimed to have made Milwaukee famous.

Many of the men had no money, as pay day had passed a fortnight, but so obliging and anxious to repay the actors and actresses for their journey were the officers of the Army and Navy that they had been furnished with hastily made scrip, and their notes were taken by the theater treasurer. These amounts was held out of each man's pay at the next disbursement.

The officers and a handful of American women—their wives and sisters—strolled in leisurely from their quarters about the time set for the curtain, and the orchestra tuned up. A dozen musicians, all Filipinos, stuck pretty closely to American national airs, with a sprinkling of Spanish and so-called Filipino pieces. "The Aguinaldo March" is a decided favorite with the natives and is a lively conceit. Aguinaldo used to teach school near Cavite, and it was in this province that the revolution began in 1896. The bumptious little Tagal was not at the show, but one of his most noted generals sat in the orchestra circle and pretended to understand the stage doings.

It was half-past 9 o'clock before the curtain was carefuily handed up by two men to a third, who nailed it to a rafter. It was too big for the proscenium arch, and between acts it fell with a thud when the aerial artist pulled out the spike.

AN IGUANA APPEARS.

Just before the first act began there was a series of shrieks from behind the curtain. Several of the ladies rushed frantically onto the stage—not in view of the audience, though—and Mary Van Buren, the female star of the company, protested that an alligator had come through a hole in the floor of her dressing room, and had attacked them. Frawley and I armed ourselves with some property brooms and bearded the saurian. It proved not to be an alligator, but only a gigantic iguana, a reptile which is not considered harmful by the natives. He was about four feet long, though, and by the misty light of candles looked ferocious enough to scare women unused to his kind.

The floor of all the dressing-rooms, and the stage, too, was of sliced bamboo laid a quarter of an inch apart, and in some places two or three slats were missing, so that one had to be careful not to slip into the holes. The elasticity of this odd flooring caused one who moved quickly across it to bounce as if on a spring board, and a tragedy would have been impossible of enactment on account of the mincing, ludicrous gait it gave the performers. It was simply made of bamboo poles sliced in quarters and put down with the round surfaces uppermost.

"All the Comforts of Home" began happily enough after the alligator incident, and was greatly enjoyed by all. The Grand Opera-house was packed to the saloon at its portal, and all the players were wildly applauded. The waits between the acts were rather long, because the scene-shifting presented a new problem each time. Everybody behind the stage took a hand, and as the audience was not critical of the settings, the play went merrily.

It was after midnight when the curtain fell for the last time. The soldiers and sailors hurried out to try the bottled liquids along the row, the officers and their ladies sauntered back to their homes, and the stage manager and his helpers attacked the scenery. It was easier to take it down than it had been to put it up, and as it was not necessary to keep intact the theater after the play was over, the wearied men did not hesitate to knock out a section of roof or wall. Toward 1 o'clock in the morning the special boat which had been chartered

(Continued on Page 6.)